The Bountiful BREWERS,

Who pays the King's Taxes out of the Poor Mens Purses, rather than diminish their own golden Stores. To the Tune of, *An Orange.*

In this present Reign, the War to maintain,
A Tax being laid upon Liquor of Grain,
'Tis Barley made Malt, but here I must halt,
To give you a Touch of a damnable Fault
of the Brewer.

The Parliament they, was pleased to lay
The Tax upon those that are able to pay;
May Heaven therefore, replenish their Store,
Yet this very Tax is now laid on the Poor,
by the Brewer.

Ye Dealers retail'd Strong-Beer and Ale,
This Tax is not laid but on Traders wholesale,
This was the intent of the good Parliament,
But some says, they had not the perfect consent
of the Brewers.

The Case being thus, they make a sad Fuss
Yet they will pay nothing out of their own Purse
But as for the Act, they vow to exact
Upon the poor Tradesmen, and thus they are rack'd
by the Brewer:

Their Liquors made small, their Measures they
Nay, was I but now for to reckon up all, [maul,
The Ways that they take, this Money to make,
You'd swear that the Devil had now lent a Rake
to the Brewers.

Their Conscience they stain, for Profit and Gain,
And yet if an honest Man chance to complain,
They hummingly say, Such Taxes they pay,
That it will be smaller before
wretched Brewers,

Their Coffers to fill, I know that they will
Give us a true touch of their dexterous skill;
Much Water they'll put to make us Rat-gut;
Likewise it is said that their Gallons are cut;
wretched Brewers.

And were put to sink, for one Cup of Drink
They will not part with it, but cry, Do you think
Some Coy we can pay, by giving away?
Then shall have so much as the smell of a Dray
under Six-pence.

They are glad of this hit, for why they will get
Double Excise by their Diligent Wit;
For the River and Wells, where Water excels
Shall pay the King's Taxes, and get Golden Spells,
for the Brewer.

The Truth to relate, their Profit is great,
For most of them having a worthy Estate
Gold, Silver beside, flows in like a tide,
And they have the River of Thames on their side
wealthy Brewers.

We formerly here, complain[illegible]
But then they would tell us [illegible]
Yet now Prices fall, the Liquor is small
And therefore they should get the Devil and all,
wretched Brewers.

Strange ways they devise, to raise this Excise,
The smallest of Liquor now highly they prize;
Such Profit they bring from sweep Spring,
That Faith, I believe, they get more then the King,
wretched Brewers.

At the Alehouse likewise, Strong-liquor does rise,
For two they must needs have full seven Excise;
Two-pence Half-penny a Quart, my Host will retort,
And at their best Customers plaguely snort,
if they grumble.

Hads Zookers, cries Will, the
Will spoil the next Two-p
Have none of their Drink
We'll save all our Mo
to a Bu

BIBLIOTECA LIVERPOOL